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SONG FOR THE UNSUNG

by Robert A. Monroe

Hundreds, no, thousands knew/know her for the bright, warm, and joyful personality that she was/is. Nancy Penn Monroe.

Her ancestry went back to a Virginia family in the years before the American Revolution, living on land granted to them by the King of England. Her upbringing led her to live the life of a Southern lady in its most gracious form. Always thinking of others first. Always a smile with her greeting. Always refusing to bring hurt to others in any form. Always giving of herself. There never was/is any hate in her for anyone.

In reality, she truly was/is the cofounder of The Monroe Institute. Were it not for her, there probably would not have been any such organization. She participated in all major and minor discussions and decisions, activities, and even research. Thus her thoughts are sprinkled through everything that the Institute has produced and represents—the programs, the tapes, the public policy, and certainly the many friends worldwide.

Even before we met, Nancy had a deep interest in the paranormal. She also had been a schoolteacher, music and piano teacher, an interior decorator, real estate manager, and was raising four children.

She had commenced writing on two books, one a modern version of Scarlett O'Hara, the other a postphysical story about *The City Not Made With Hands*. Both remain unfinished in spite of a waiting typewriter and computer word processor. She didn't have "time."

It is impossible to be at the Institute without encountering the result of her thoughts. As you enter, the bushes and flowers around the Gatehouse are her selection. The interior design of the building itself is her adaptation of a plan started by others. As you start up the hill, the tall row of trees on the right is there because of her idea. At the Center itself, all of the trees and shrubbery are her selection and placement.

Inside all three buildings, most of what you see is Nancy Penn Monroe. The carpets, the walls, the fixtures, the tables and chairs, the plates, the silverware, the mugs, even the napkins. In the east wing of the Center, the Tower Club Dining Room was/is the latest of her creative efforts in its entirety.

So, now, the main building has a new name: THE NANCY PENN CENTER. She was too self-effacing to permit it before this moment.

Where is she now?

To make a very long story very short, when she developed breast cancer over two years ago, Nancy selected the orthodox route for treatment. In searching for an ultimate answer to the possible results, we began to organize a program we called *LIFELINE*®—which I privately labeled “Death Insurance”—a way that Nancy and I could meet if one of us left the physical. In the learning process, it provided an escort service to Focus 27, a postphysical state where humans could recover after death and consider their options. No religious belief systems were involved.

The program started in June of 1991 and was extremely successful during the following year. On July 31st, after extensive chemo and radiation treatments, Nancy entered the University of Virginia Hospital to have fluids removed from the pleura area around her lungs which was apparently causing her extreme shortness of breath.

Three weeks later, at around eight in the evening, we received an urgent call from the hospital, and were at her bedside by nine. Before leaving, I phoned my *LIFELINE* retrieval team to go on standby alert. It had been extremely devastating for me to visit her in the hospital before this for several reasons.

Now it was different. Her arms and hands were limp and cold, and she was breathing in short, deep gasps followed by a long pause. But it was looking into her unblinking eyes that told me. Nancy was no longer there. At twelve-fifteen in the morning, her body finally stopped breathing.

Later, the *LIFELINE* team reported they had taken her to 27 sometime between seven-thirty and eight o'clock, and that she was safe and warmly greeted there. This was approximately the time the hospital noted the beginning of her terminal breathing. Two nights later, I had cooled down enough to attempt to visit her. Which I did. It was an emotional explosion.

I now have a new challenge, a massive adjustment to make. One I hadn't considered. Can I live in two worlds at the same time? With Nancy in 27 at night and Here in the daytime?

I don't know.

We join Bob in expressing our love, gratitude, and tremendous respect for a great and beautiful lady.

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